

# Canibus Lyrics

"Benny Riley"

*[Intro]*

DJ's, cuttin up beats and stuff like that and  
That was my first exposure to the whole, artistry in hip-hop  
There is nothing in this music, that I don't wanna hear  
There is words, that are kind of syncopated and rhythmic  
And there's this hot drum track, it's great!

*[Chorus: x2]*

"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"  
And I could hear, this enormous  
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"  
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear

*[Canibus]*

Aiyyo! I don't give a fuck, if you gettin some cash  
or gettin some ass, if I was there I'd pick up the tab  
Talk to a rag, tell you to wipe your stinkin ass  
Get back to the lab, make sure hip-hop last  
Through death or dishonor, I do this cause I wanna  
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma  
I'm ready for the encounter like a titty bar bouncer  
Or Muhammad at the Mini-Mart counter with four-pounders  
Quick Draw McGraw spitter, let me see your hands jitter  
I'll hit'cha where the good Lord split'cha  
You faggot-ass niggaz are see-through  
I treat you like we in the same cell, but I'm Bugsy Siegel  
Smack your teeth loose, the street juice  
Go to court in cheap suits, givin testimony over beat loops  
Take 'em to my hood, show the evil I'm from  
They can't blame me for the evil I done, now they see where I run  
And why I keep a tight leash on the gun  
Why my speech is so revered by the young, cause my spirit is young  
A nigga spittin LIKE THAT, got SERIOUS LUNGS  
Yo I'm serious SON, he a FURIOUS ONE!

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, the name Benny Riley, the trip took twenty-eight days  
from New York to Cali, drivin through alleys  
My mom mad at me, my dad laughs at me  
My life's a track meet, I need this record deal  
Precious, she got the freshest breast-es, and the ass from heaven  
36-24-37

She the second broad I ever humped, under a bridge  
But she the first broad I ever fucked with in the record biz  
Desi told her I was crazy and she called the feds

The bitch didn't know any better, I let her live  
She don't know Desi is a greasy fuckin pig  
And he's settin me up for somethin he knows I never did  
When I see him I'ma put the Smith & Wesson to his head  
To change his outlook on life  
Maybe I'd show him what it's like to be DEAD  
Like the way I look at lyrics, I kill it 'til they DEAD  
It's that vivid; got skills to kill the rap business  
Got bills to put a contract on the witness if he rat-snitchin  
You niggaz in the back, thinkin holds 'til your next actin role  
Get buried wit'cha cash and gold  
Acts that sold, family of Marlon Brando broke  
Shattered hopes, rappers choked, took it like a man though  
Benny Riley is the closest thing to Canibus yo  
Niggaz just don't be understandin his flow, until the hammer let go  
Grab the mic and cold damage the show  
Get split with bananas, flows of the Canibus blow

*[Chorus]*

*[Outro]*

This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear  
And I didn't know it